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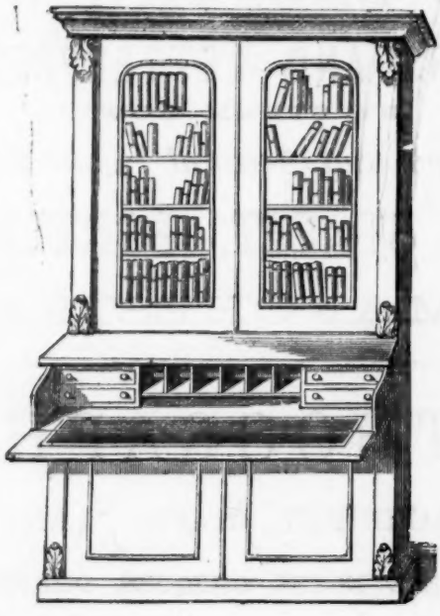

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THE EXTENSION OF OWENS COLLEGE.

WE presume that Owens College is a place within the cognizance of all our readers. They may not be equally aware that it is at present situated in what was once a private house, in Quay Street, Deansgate; and that this situation is as unsatisfactory as the institution itself is the reverse. In point of fact, so unamiable is the locality in which the college stands, that the first action of a person liberated from confinement in that locality would be to get out of it; and the precise rate at which he would get out of it would be just the very fastest that his legs could carry him. It is true, the district has been fashionable in its day; but its day is not our day. It is also true, that the building in which the business of the college is at present carried on is sacred as having been the residence of Richard Cobden. But the establishment is inconveniently inadequate to the requirements of the institution; and it has long been the desire of those who take an interest in its welfare that its operations should be removed to a more eligible building on a more eligible site. This desire has now taken practical shape. A site—admirable in itself, but hardly central, and extremely costly—has been bought for £30,000, subject to a chief rent of £58 a year. This is the plot of land on the west side of Oxford Road which is bounded by Coupland Street upon the north and Burlington Street upon the south. Plans of Mr. Waterhouse's have been adopted for the ultimate erection on this site of four handsome piles of buildings, surrounding a quadrangle "of considerable dignity," and a laboratory, gymnasium, and kitchen, at the back. Of these, however, it is judiciously proposed to erect at present only the last-named necessary appurtenances and the west side of the quadrangle of buildings. This will temporarily present a handsome front to the road, at a distance from it of about 200 feet, and will provide ample accommodation for the immediate operations of the institution.

It is proposed to get an act of parliament to amalgamate the present Owens College with the extended scheme, and to vest both in a constitution consisting of a supreme Court of forty-two governors, to be presided over by such President as they may elect, a subsidiary Council, to be presided over by the Treasurer, and a Senate of professors, to be presided over by the Principal:—the Senate to conduct the academic business, subject to the Council; and the Council to conduct the secular business, subject to the Court. The bill is also to authorise the extension of the benefits of the institution to persons of the female sex. This last provision does not sound so startling now as it would have done a little time ago. We are beginning to get accustomed to the idea of associating the sexes in their occupations, and it is not too early to consider whether, in the present jealous separation of them in all educational pursuits but dancing, there is not something unnatural and ridiculous. The offensive prudishness inculcated by the mistresses of young ladies' seminaries is only the culmination of the absurdity of a system; and if the present project in any way contributes to the final overthrow of that inherited prudishness which this generation is only beginning to get over, we shall be most glad.

We are happy to see that it has been resolved that the extended institution shall be christened with the old name, and be known as Owens College. This is only fair—both to the present establishment and to its founder. Who are they who would have had it otherwise?

This is the scheme which is laid before the British public. But before the public can come to a proper conclusion with regard to it, it is requisite that the public should understand that the college is not a college for the working classes, or the idling classes, or the thinking classes, or the unthinking classes, or the higher classes, or the lower classes, or these classes, or those classes, or the other classes. It is a college for all and any classes, and all and any individuals, who pay its fees and submit to its regulations. Practically, the majority of its students have hitherto come from the less wealthy section of the same class that supplies the universities. That it is a most valuable institution there can be no doubt. The list of its professors is sufficient to prove that. Anybody who commits himself or anybody else to its tuition, knows that he is not committing anybody to the may-be merits or may-be demerits of an unknown pedagogue, but to the notorious excellence of a staff of trained, experienced, and distinguished men; who are able, both from personal learning and the extrinsic advantages of a comprehensive and matured system, aided by all requisite mechanical appliances, to impart both sounder and profounder instruction than one schoolmaster in a thousand. We are inclined to believe that, in proportion to its size, more work is done at Owens than at either Oxford or Cambridge. Students do not come there to get the reputation of having been there, but to learn. Students are not there because they live there, but because they have come there to work.

There is, also, another distinction between Owens College—especially as it will be, when extended—and the universities, in addition to its students being non-residential. This is, that it will particularly devote its attention to the scientific branches of learning. Classics and mathematics, being under the especial care of the principal, are not likely to be neglected; but it is in the extension of its scientific branches that the greatest hopes are entertained of Owens College. It is to be a sort of northern scientific university. In the department of chemistry it has already gained for itself, under Professor Roscoe's auspices, a wide

and high reputation. In the extended institution, spacious room is made for the enlargement of the natural history and engineering branches; and towards these two departments most generous donations have been given. This is progress in the right direction. Classics and mathematics are very good things in their way, but there is a world of scientific knowledge that it is infinitely more useful to obtain. It has always struck us as anomalous that out of all the myriad subjects in the universe, dead languages and circles, parallelograms and triangles, should be selected as the fittest upon which to exercise the mind of youth.

As the committee naively remark, the subscribers will recognize as the weakest point in all this extensive project, their pecuniary inability to carry it out. It appears that of the £90,000 subscribed, only £32,000 is now available to an immediate building outlay of £53,000: in addition to which £20,000 is wanted to provide the college with an income. This terrible deficit, taken in conjunction with the three sides of the quadrangle to be erected in the future, raises a serious doubt whether the ideas of the projectors have not been too large, and whether they have done right in purchasing the extensive and expensive site which they have bought. If the committee had not all magnificently contributed towards the fund themselves, we should demur to the discontented way in which they refer to their subscription list. As it is, they have earned the right to grumble at it. For ourselves, we think it is munificent in its amounts, and highly creditable to the district in the number of its contributors. If the projectors fail in getting the government grant which they make no secret of having expected, it is difficult to perceive how they will be able to proceed with their scheme without discounting posterity. This most undesirable course we hope they will not be compelled to pursue; but if it is to be prevented, liberal subscriptions are essential. We commend the cause to the consideration of the generous. But ere they aid it, we would ask them carefully to observe the conduct of the collegiate authorities with regard to the following matter. As yet we do not know that they have moved in it at all.

The extension committee greets with satisfaction a proposal to establish the first of a series of residential halls, each one to be conducted on sectarian principles. It seems just as impossible for the inhabitants of this world to keep sectarian religion out of anything as to put genuine religion into it. Forbidden by the will of Mr. Owens to introduce it within the boundaries of the college, they introduce it the very first yard outside the prohibited limits. Forced to furl the miserable little banners of sectarianism whilst within the actual confines of their benefactor's institution, they flaunt them in his dead face the instant they have crossed its threshold. Obey his wishes to the letter. Violate them to the spirit. That is sectarian religion; and sectarian religion must be obeyed, however real religion is betrayed. Let it be clearly understood that this is a petty outside scheme, which has nothing official to do with the college. If an ephemeral extension committee choose to observe it with satisfaction, let them; but the moment it is stamped with the approval of the constitutional authorities of Owens College, a step is taken both unworthy of the institution and unworthy of the town, and the sympathy of liberal-minded men is alienated from the place. Those sects which succeeded in establishing residential halls would have an influence over the college, and would give a character to it out of all proportion to the other sects. The element of doctrinal belief would be introduced at least amongst the students of the institution, and the whole train of evils which invariably follows after would put in their odious appearance. Wherever sectarianism comes, bad blood comes with it. For mercy's sake keep it out of Owens College.

CHRISTMAS FARE.

THE bright seasonable weather which set in last week, drew crowds into the streets to make their Christmas purchases and view the attractions of the markets and shop windows. Passing along certain streets in the town, and judging from the display of evening dresses, gay sashes, white satin and kid boots, and other mysteries of the female toilet, one might think that all Manchester was going to a ball every night of the week; but the poulterers', the fruiterers', and butchers' shops show that the pleasures of the table have been equally well catered for, while the toy shops have administered to the delectation of the juveniles. The markets have been conspicuous for their display of greenery. Not so many years since, a bit of mistletoe was a rarity, but the railroads and steamboats have altered all that. The consumption and demand for misletoe at Christmas is now so great that the cider counties, where the parasite chiefly grows, would soon be stripped if they alone were resorted to; but vast quantities are now imported from America, so that young men and maidens need not be afraid of losing the osculatory privileges which are allowed once a year under the bough which, the song says, hung in the castle hall when the bride found a living tomb in the old oak chest. So profuse now is the use of evergreens for decorating churches and schools, hall and kitchen, that some localities are almost stripped of their growth of holly and laurel; and in the vale of Rossendale whole hedges of holly have been eradicated, a piece of vandalism which, in our opinion, is not justified by the end. The Italian warehouses and grocers' shop windows have been very attractive, with their dried and crystallized fruits, their spices, French bon-bons, and fanciful figures containing comfits and perfumes.

But if the toy shops, the markets, and the confectioners have been attractive to the ladies and the juveniles, the poulterers' and butchers' shops have acted like the loadstone rock towards the men. The anatomical architecture which consists in setting up the flayed and dressed carcase of an ox or heifer, at the same time leaving on the head in its original state when alive, is somewhat grotesque and ghastly. Butchers' shops, however, have their attractions to the initiated, and last week they drew admiring crowds. Mr. Brown, of Deansgate, must have got through a drove of fat beasts, and his shop was besieged day and night. The Cheviot wethers in Smithy-door were excellent, and Mr. Kemp was so obliging as to ticket them with the names of their purchasers, so that the curious had the gratification of knowing what the Christmas fare of a number of gentlemen consisted of. Some very fine young porkers were exhibited by Mr. Bolshaw, Victoria Bridge, and they disappeared so rapidly that it is evident pork has its votaries at this season, as well as beef and mutton. One enthusiastic butcher in Salford waxed poetical, ornamenting his stall with a placard, printed in conspicuous blue type, with the following effusion:—

Bravo! Christmas Beef for ever!
We have seen good old customs abolished,
To our anger, vexation, and grief;
May we never be so forgetful and dainty
As at Christmas to fall from Roast Beef.
Old England for ever! I love thee still!

A brilliant effort, certainly. Nearly equal to the lines carved on one of the fountains of Robert Barnes the Beneficent—

Here, Traveller, rest, and quench your thirst
With that which never harms,
And while you drink the grateful draught
Think well of Robert Barnes.

We once heard a man say that two of the greatest pleasures of his existence were a game at dominoes and the contemplation of a fine flitch of bacon—not a very significant proof of a high or spiritual intelligence. Nevertheless, the man was neither a fool nor a sensualist, but, on the contrary, a well-to-do individual, "a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a householder, and one that knew the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to." When the inspection of raw meat—barons, sirloins, ribs, briskets, haunches, saddles, and so forth—produces a feeling of gratification in the spectator; when you feel a kind of simmering sensation, similar to that which is made manifest by the purring of a cat, you may depend upon it that you are no longer a youth, but are fast merging into fogeydom, with a taste for epicurean joys. Your bon-vivant is by no means a person to be either sneered or sneezed at. He may be selfish; he *is* selfish; and if he

makes a god of his belly, the sacred writer tells us what his end will be. Duly tempered, a taste for good living is an attribute worthy of admiration, and one of the fine arts. The lean and hungry Cassius is not half so good a fellow as Pompey, the Sybarite. Look at Mr. Bolongaro's or Mr. Agnew's shop-windows, full of photographic portraits; you can pick out the jolly fellows at once. Here are a lot of them, just as they come. Judging of the Mayor of Manchester by his portrait, we'll be bound to say that his worship has not given a single bad dinner since he was made chief magistrate. There, also, is old Epicurus Rotundus Gloriosus, the editor of *Punch;* why, the very look of him causes one's olfactory nerves to be saluted by an aroma of burnt sack. Here is another, strongly resembling old Mark in appearance, and one of the most genial of men—the editor of *Good Words*, who, although a divine, is fully alive to the good things of this life, and, having travelled from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, besides traversing the American continent, fishing salmon in Norway, and making sundry other trips up and down this planet, is up to most things on the earth and in the waters under the earth. There, also, is F. M. H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief, cheek by jowl with the King of Italy, who looks as jolly as Harry the Eighth or Friar Tuck, and who can handle a knife and fork as skilfully as he has done the sword. Here, also, is the portrait of Mr. W. M. Thackeray, who had Lucullian tastes, and has described a simple but well chosen dinner in a way that makes one's mouth water. We shall not, however, trench further upon this enchanted soil, this land flowing with milk and honey, but merely take a fugitive glance at it from this "heaven-kissing" Pisgah, and leave the subject in the hands of our gastronomic contributor.

NOTICES OF BIRTHS.

[NEW STYLE.]

A WELSH newspaper has the following announcement of a birth:—"December 12. The wife of Mr. R. Roberts, Penmachoo. Providentially the above-named parents have been presented with a very pretty daughter. They were married twelve years ago, and little Ann is their first born."

This is a novelty in the way of announcement, and serves to embellish the usual meagre notices. The system might be considerably extended, and be made mutually advantageous to the parents, their friends, and the public, and also to the newspapers, which charge for notices of births. What a number of letters it would save writing while mamma is laid up! We should get glimpses into the domestic circles of all sorts of people of high and low degree. For instance, the other day, the papers announced that Lady Constance Stanley had presented her husband, the hon. member for North Lancashire, with twin sons. Well, that was interesting enough, as affording another guarantee that the title of Earl of Derby is not likely to become extinct; but it would have been still more interesting if, after the manner of the Welsh advertisement, something like the following had been added:—Providentially both sons are well provided for. They have the features of their lamented grandsire. The elder of the two has a natural mole on his hip, resembling the eagle and child, the crest of the Stanleys. "On, Stanley, on!"

Again, the Countess Percy, *neé* Campbell, made a similar offering to her lord a few days since; but this time the twins were girls. New style. Born with silver spoons in their mouths. Nurses have got confused, and cannot tell which is which. Alnwick Castle, Northumberland, illuminated, and bonfires blazing at Inverary. Both have the red hair of their grandfather. "The Campbells are coming!"

To these aristocratic announcements we append a few of our own.—Dec. 12. The wife of Giles Scroggins, labourer, of twins. Providentially, this time they were not triplets. Giles and his wife have been married twelve years, and have sixteen children. One child born with a caul. The latter for sale, cheap.

On the 16th inst., Mrs. Octavius Quiverful, of a daughter. Providentially had not had a child for fifteen years before. Had given away baby clothes to one of her married daughters long since. Lost all count of how many children previously. To be on the safe side, have named this one Sexuagesima.

At Hogglestock, on Monday, the wife of Rev. Samuel Crawley of a son. Number nine. Hope providentially that there will be no more. Godfathers wanted.

Lately, the darling wife of Adolphus Gushington of a daughter. First child. Thinks its nose will be retrousé. Nurse wanted. Beer allowed. Providentially the image of both parents.

At Macstingo Castle, on the Grampians, the wife of the Douglas, of Macstingo, of a son and heir. His name is Norval! Has taken to the bottle!

Mrs. Augustus Jinks, of a daughter. Number two. Could not agree upon a name. Called in an arbitrator, who decided upon Alabama. Mrs. Jinks's mamma has arrived, and objects. Jinks has betaken himself to his club.

OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER IN THE DESERT.

AFTER a month's travel in Egypt, at the close of 1867, and pretty well employing our time, "doing" the two capitals, Alexandria and Cairo, the Pyramids, the Nile for a short distance up, Suez, the Red Sea, the great ship canal, on to Port Said, the cotton districts and cotton towns, with all the other sights, a thousand times described, we got back to Alexandria that we might take the steamer from thence for Palestine. In consequence of stormy weather at sea, the steamers failed to arrive in due course, and we soon found to our annoyance that, instead of spending Christmas Day in Jerusalem, as we hoped and expected, we should be detained at Alexandria until after that day. But Christmas Day in Alexandria did not seem the thing, or Abbatt's Hotel, good as it was, quite the place. Besides, the late rains had so stirred up the mud of the streets that the odours, not of Araby, had become past endurance as they were past description, and no amount of "drinking the Shameful"—as the Wahabees call smoking—did any good in counteracting it. Casting about for an escape, and sighing for "a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade"—for it was very hot—good fortune directed us to the very oasis in the desert our fancy had painted.

Taking the rail—and where will not the rail take us to—we rushed along cuttings, through the ruins and debris of ancient Alexandria, and were landed miles away in the wide-spreading Libyan desert. Here we found nondescript villas, widely apart and scattered over these boundless sands, as if banished by the city into these eternal solitudes for their sins against all style and propriety. The low tents of the Bedaween were in great numbers, and their inmates no doubt very desirable neighbours. What was more to our purpose, we found a good, substantial hotel, situate in the midst of extensive gardens, most prolific of tropical trees, and shrubs, and flowers. We might have travelled far even in Europe before meeting with so charming an hotel, combining as it did eastern luxuriance with English comfort. There was no company in the house, as few people come out here from the city except in the summer. The change from the crowded and polluted city was to us a wonderful relief, and we enjoyed it amazingly. Within a mile of us were the blue waters of the Mediterranean, whose murmurs as they rippled upon the shore were grateful music to us in the stillness around; and, indeed, the wide expanse was lost in the great sea of sand stretching on to the boundless Sahara. After establishing ourselves in our excellent quarters, and making friends with our host, we began to explore the district around, and, plunging into the desert, we seemed lost to civilization and the world.

As the days went on we were in danger of forgetting Christmas altogether, in the new life and the strange scenes we had entered upon. We did, however, come back to the consideration of the fact that we were within two days of Christmas, and that even in the desert we were religiously bound to keep this high festival, as good Englishmen and orthodox christians ought to do all the world over. Summoning our German host, we rather anxiously asked if we could, for ourselves and a few friends from Alexandria, making a party of ten, have a real English dinner on Christmas day. He replied, with perfect self-possession, "Certainly we could." We knew that asses of excellent quality abounded; that camels were plentiful; that buffaloes were to be had, for had we not seen the beast yoked, and drawing heavy loads in the city? and that there was no end of goats. Still, we had the temerity

to mention beef, and were at once promised a sirloin. Now as we had read much in our younger days of the pelican of the wilderness, and should, under other circumstances, have been delighted to make the acquaintance of this marvellous bird, and even have dined off it, yet, as this was Christmas time, we passed it by, and hinted at a turkey! Our host, without making any bones of it, said at once, "Of course we could have a turkey; there was no difficulty." We had one other request to make, come what would of it. We felt assured that, had we wished it, we could have had any number of the classic ibis spitted for us, but, though in Egypt, our longings just now did not go that way; our souls lusted after the more than classic, the solemn and savoury goose. It seemed very absurd, but we named it nevertheless. Our host was equal to the occasion. "If the gentlemen wished it, a goose should be served." And it was served, and well served, with all necessary adjuncts; and, in addition, we had the veritable plum pudding and mince pies, as good as any our friends were getting in the more civilized parts of the world.

Absence from home, and long distance from dear friends, is, as all know, a very sad and depressing thing; and we may be forgiven if, on this memorable day of all others, we did console ourselves with the repast set before us; and as grief is proverbially dry, we did our best to drown it, while toasting absent friends, in cool, refreshing, well-iced, unmistakable champagne. And this was the way we got through a great trouble, and spent our Christmas in the great howling wilderness.

ON THE BOWDON LINE.

Of Dunham's wood and Bowdon's down,
  Of moonlit strolls through Ashley meadows,
Of freedom from the weary town,
  Of lazy talk in noontide shadows—
Let Beetroot sing—a poet he
  Anxious to please each miss and matron,
He flatters all; but, as for me,
  I spurn both patroness and patron.

Ah, well! he has his task, I mine;
  I practical, and he romantic:
He takes the soft Pacific line;
  I murmur like a sad Atlantic.
And why? Because his open ears
  Are charmed by notes which, well—far better are;
I hear of cotton, corn, bad years,
  Free Trade, French Treaties, and—*et cætera*.

At morn, at noon, at "dewy" eve
  (Why dewy more than morn not know I),
These dreary conversations leave
  My spirits low when they were—so high.
I hate this endless round of chatter,
  Much as I hate a chattering minx.
(Says Beetroot, "Then, to end the matter,
  Pray write about it in the *Sphinx*.")

Contango, full of bulls and bears,
  Breaks in when Xerxes talks of cotton,
Tells me of falls in Erie shares:
  Xerxes says *everything* is rotten;
To which our cynic—half a wit—
  Tries to be smart—and Xerxes winces,
In a sad silence now I sit,
  When Tag breaks in about the *Prince's*;

Prates of the stage in hollow tones:
  Talks of "our new dramatic lumber,"
Tells of men throned on Thespian thrones,—
  And misquotes Shakespere times *sans* number.
Precisian then with solemn air
  Speaks learnedly on ritual gesture:
Lays down the legal tone of prayer:
  Is critical on laws of vesture.

Ah, well! we all are very frail:
  We reach the city—changed each action:
Contango buys up Erie Rail;
  A warehouse to his satisfaction
Xerxes can't find, they're all too small,
  His business grows, he wants a large one;
Our cynic flatters all who call,
  And puts up for a Poor Law Guardian.

Tag to his customers dilates
  On theatre-going and its evils;
Precisian to some friends relates
  How he enjoyed the *Bal Masque* revels.
Each hates the thing he loved the most,
  Loves that which gave the most offence;
Each makes Consistency his boast,
  Then spurns it for the sake of pence!

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES PRINCE LEE.

CHRISTMAS Eve! Lights from many windows; feasting and merry-making in many homes; greetings under the mistletoe jokes and laughter round the glowing hearth. Night of all nights most associated with life—on account of the life-giving Life which it has commemorated for nearly nineteen centuries. Strange to think of it as a night of death and mourning! And yet perhaps best that a somewhat stormy life should pass away at a season of so much "peace on earth," and so much "good will" not only "towards" but among "men." Death and Christmas, the two great peace-makers, have met together to throw a kindly halo round the memory of James Prince Lee.

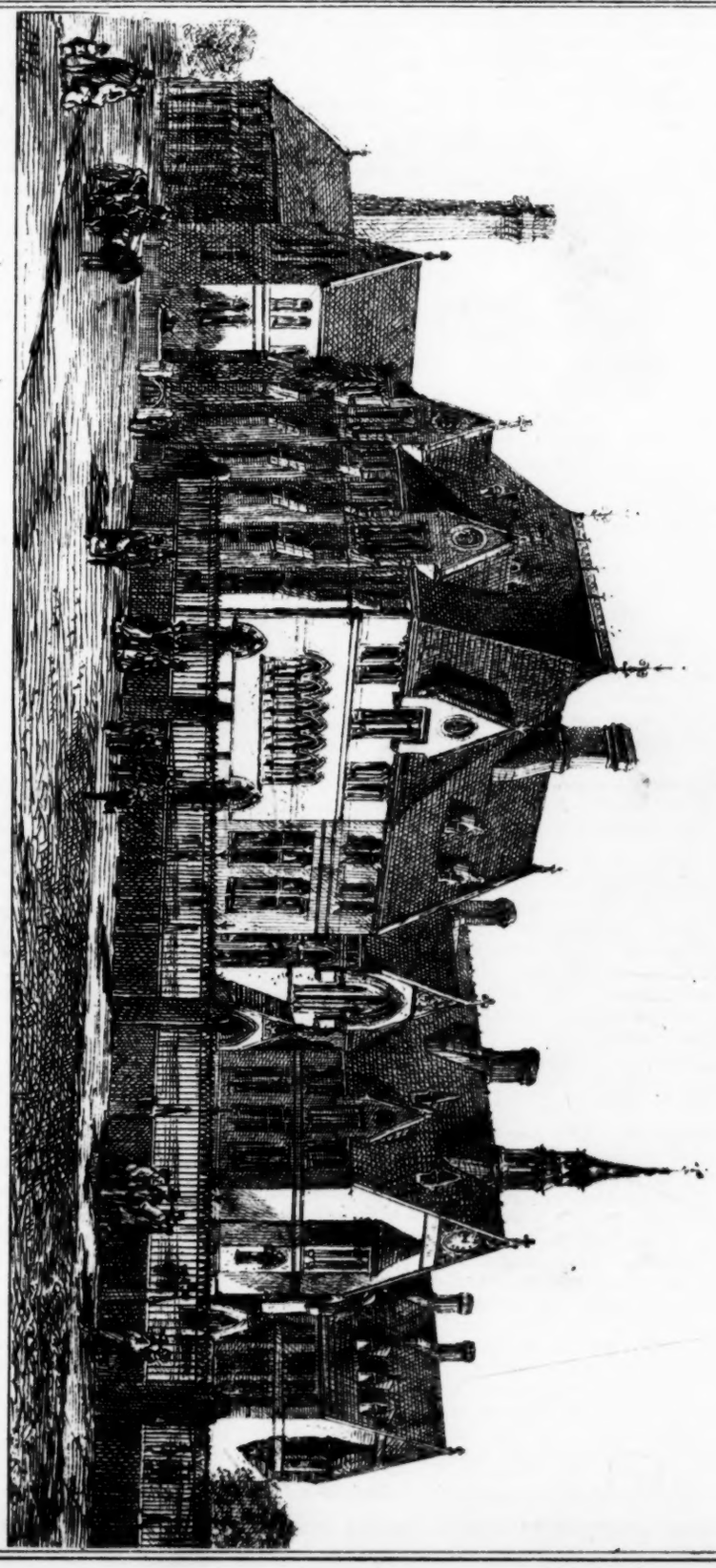
Self-reliant, unbending, unconciliating, uncompromising; ruling his diocese with a justice which was but faintly tempered with mercy; turning his back upon no foe, and shirking never a fight; strong in dislikes, and unable to forget; he has gone, and peace be with him! *De mortuis*—we all know the rest. We shall miss that small, dignified, grey-haired figure, with its keenly cut features, resolute eye, and look which told of fixed purpose and determined will. We shall miss that deep emphatic voice, with its clear utterance, and deliberate pronunciation. That voice grew sadly weak and indistinct of late. The firm resolute step became tottering and uncertain. Old age came on with rapid strides. James Prince Lee, the schoolmaster, the college don, the savan and writer, the rector or even dean, might have been a comparatively young man still; but twenty-two years of episcopal dignity, duties, burdens, controversies, all the thorns and briars which enter more or less into the composition of every episcopal cushion, and which entered so largely into the one now empty, have done their work, and done it but too well. Whether it would not have been better for the church, and for himself, that he should have remained the successful schoolmaster, or have been granted some position wherein he might have devoted his wonderful talents and learning to that end for which they seemed specially intended, namely, the improvement of our biblical literature, it is useless now to enquire. One of the finest Greek and Hebrew scholars of the age has passed away from us, and with him, alas! have gone the study of years, the researches into many and rare MSS., the accurate knowledge of intricate and subtle variations in the text of the Old and New Testaments, the valuable conclusions arrived at after long and unwearied investigation into the works of all authors of any note, ancient or modern. The Greek Testament, or Critical Commentary on the Holy Scriptures, which he might, and very probably would have given us from the Neville Court at Trinity or the ivy-covered walls of some quiet deanery, would have been simply invaluable. On the other hand it by no means follows that the learned scholar, or clever schoolmaster, is fitted, either by nature or training, for the office of bishop. A bishop has to deal with men, not merely books or boys. We firmly believe that Bishop Lee did his best to deal truly and conscientiously with his diocese, as, of old, he did with his school, and as before that again he did with his studies; but some how or other, the pastoral staff kept continually changing into a rod of correction, and, reversing the position of Baalam, he found himself unable to bestow the blessing, or work the good he fain would have bestowed and worked.

Let the clergy forgive us for saying that we are only in a very small degree influenced by their verdict. Habits and customs, thought and feeling, have changed so wonderfully and rapidly among them during the last twenty years, that it would be difficult to imagine any bishop, of decided character and fixed opinions, pleasing all, or nearly all, who work under him. It is easy to say that he ought to belong to no particular party. Query, is it possible? Episcopal rule has of late become nearly a dead letter in some dioceses and churches. Every clergyman does what is right in his own eyes. Where the balance of

J. G. GREENWOOD, B.A.

PRINCIPAL OF OWENS COLLEGE.

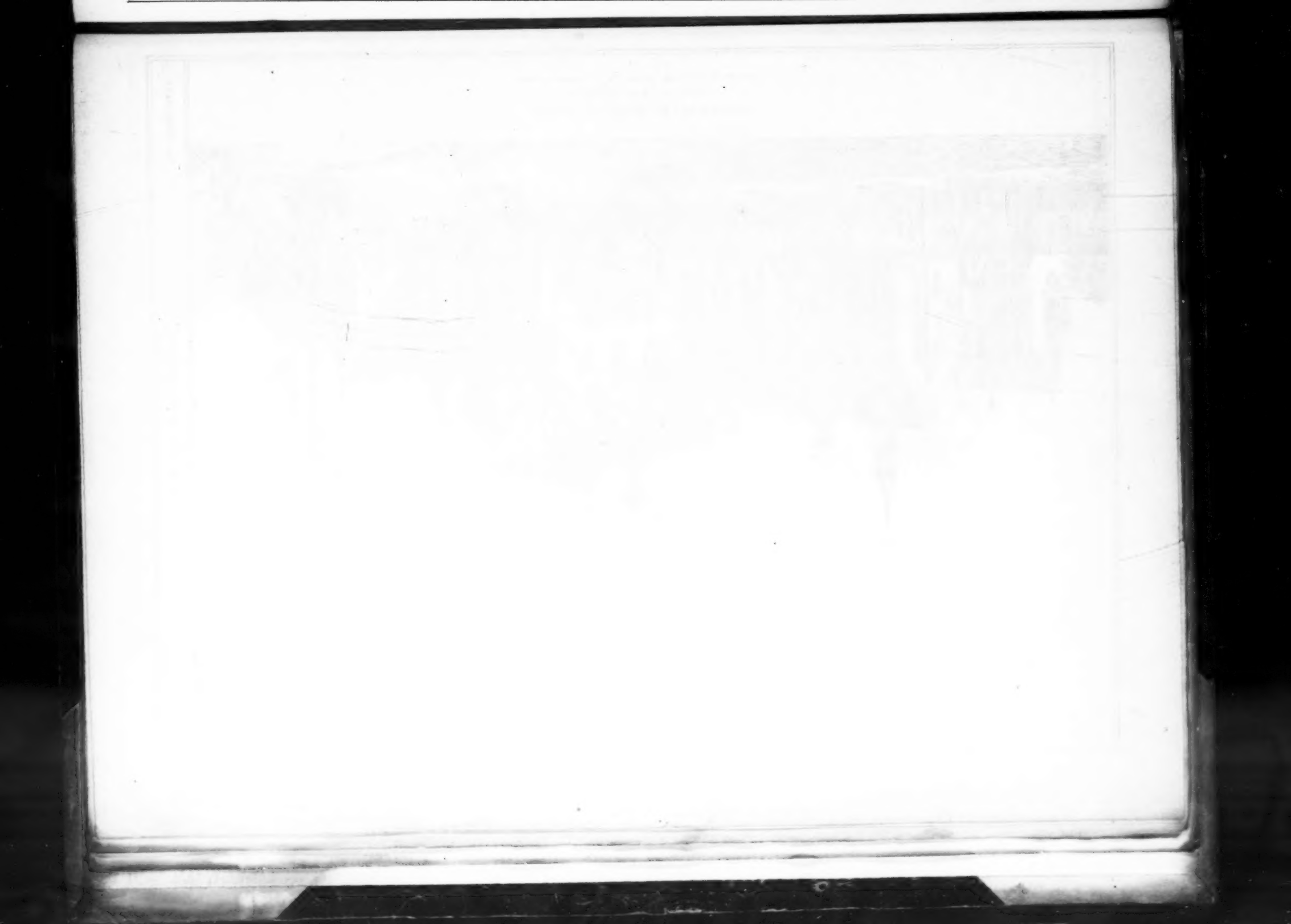
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JOHN EASTHAM



OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

PROPOSED NEW BUILDINGS.

FROM THE DESIGN OF MR. ALFRED WATERHOUSE, ARCHITECT



power ought to be, is a question, of course, for church legislators, not for us, to decide, but we cannot help sympathizing with the late Diocesan for endeavouring to be captain of his own ship. Whether a little more kindness and conciliation would not have helped him in this endeavour, is another question altogether.

Whatever his private views and prejudices were, he was, especially of late, impartial in his appointments—at least to the extent of promoting moderate men of both the High school and the Low. Considering his personal dislike of choral services, surpliced choirs, the surplice in the pulpit, and many things which are no longer regarded as distinctive party badges, it is wonderful that he had any patience at all with the æsthetic spirit of the (clerical) age. His motto, latterly, seemed to be "Let me alone, and I'll let *you*." Age and sickness, probably, had much to do with this increased and increasing toleration, but his own opinions and predilections remained unchanged to the very last.

One hundred and thirty churches, or thereabouts, remain the lasting memorials of his episcopate. Seldom did he speak in public without alluding to the number of buildings he had consecrated. No credit, of course, to him, for accepting and dedicating to God what was offered by the liberality of others; but it must be conceded that he was ever ready to promote any and every good work in the diocese. Even when his health was jeopardized thereby, and, indeed, when of health he had very little, he would force himself to be present at meeting, confirmation, or consecration, and perform his duties at no little pain and risk. Charity "hopeth all things," and "believeth all things." We both hope and believe many good things of James Prince Lee, and his labours as first bishop of the diocese of Manchester.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE PANTOMIME AT THE ROYAL.

A COSTLY magnificence is the distinguishing feature of *Sindbad the Sailor*. The oriental story has received a setting worthy of it, and a series of fine scenes culminates in a wonderful spectacle of barbaric pomp and splendour—the procession of the African king—which far surpasses, in its way, anything attempted or accomplished for years past on the ample and almost unrivalled stage of the Theatre Royal. Some of the quieter scenes are very good. There is, for instance, an excellent though unobtrusive bit of tree painting, a "darksome grove," just before the transformation, but our favourite is the Valley of Diamonds with the descent and reascent of the famous roc, in which painter and mechanician have contrived to produce an admirable piece of stage illusion. It is impossible to say much for what is called the "libretto," but the acting holds a position second only to the spectacular display. It would make one melancholy to see an accomplished actor like Mr. Everill in such a part as King Wangdoodle, were it not that he plays it, as he plays everything allotted to him, with immense spirit, truthfulness of characterization, and quite exceptional ability. He almost commits the error (in pantomime) of lifting mere burlesque or caricature to the level of legitimate dramatic art. Hassan, the mate, in the hands of Mr. Harry Thompson, is, of course, Mr. Harry Thompson with all his enjoyable aplomb and vivacious fun. Miss D'Este makes a capital Sindbad, and Miss Jenny Taylor and Mrs. Bickerstaff deserve a word of praise for their respective impersonations. The pantomime would be better if it were lighter and more varied—at least, such was the impression made by the first night's performance, but, on the whole, it is a great advance on the Christmas production of last year.

THE PANTOMIME AT THE PRINCE'S.

Mr. Calvert has succeeded in creating a fairy spectacle of great beauty out of very unpromising materials. There is, perhaps, no flimsier story in the entire range of nursery literature than the tale of the Frog's wooing; the genius of pantomime seizes upon it, and lo! a midwinter's night's dream. Mr. Brough's part of the work is devoid of originality. The plot, though conventional, is clear enough, and can be followed without difficulty, even by a child; add that the duets and concerted music are arranged with considerable ingenuity, and we have said all that can be fairly said in praise of the author's portion. Upon this basis, however, an admirable superstructure has been raised. Of the seven scenes composing the story, the finest are the aviary and summer house of the king, the Peri lake, and the banyan grove; the first and last, both depicting the land of frogs, have also great merit, and the transmutation scene, in which the whole of the *dramatis personæ* are turned instantaneously to stone, is a triumph of mechanical art and scenic effect. Of the acting, we hope to speak at greater length on another occasion. The leading characters are performed by Miss Lilly Harris, Miss Claude, Mr. Wainwright, and Mr. Leitch, while Miss Baldwin, Miss Brough, Miss Neilson, and a *debutant* here, Senorina Tarelli, have parts of scarcely inferior importance, and the ballet has gained immensely by the acquisition of two danseuses from the Gaiete Theatre, Paris. Compared with the *Goody Two Shoes* of last year, *The Frog that would a-wooing go* is inferior in one respect—it has no incident to equal the great waterfall scene; but in variety, brightness, picturesque beauty, and general *mise en scène*, it may be fairly said to surpass that most successful pantomime, and for loveliness of colouring and wonderful combinations of colour, directed by an almost unerring good taste, it has no rival within our recollection.

RE TRAMWAYS.

We understand that the trustees of the Pendleton roads have resolved to give the Carriage Company notice to pull up such portion of their tram as lies within the jurisdiction of the suddenly energetic trustees. We also observe advertisements in the papers calling upon the public to sign memorials against the laying down of new ones. If it pleases Mrs. Partington to sweep away at the Atlantic with her old mop that has seen so much service, it would be cruelty to prevent her. Only in the interest of her pattens, which get stiff and crack under the action of salt water, we would suggest to her the propriety of retiring a little faster before the advancing waves. It is the merest waste of ink and paper to sign memorials against these trams. When parliament has permitted them in Liverpool and even London, the man must be a desperate omnibus proprietor who imagines that they will all at once draw a rigid line at Manchester. We may take it as a perfectly established fact that trams will be laid down all over Manchester within a year or two. The only question which it is not waste of time to consider is, what is the best system. Let the public quietly ponder that, and then memorialize, if it imagines anybody pays the least attention to it. But don't let it go memorializing that grass may grow blue instead of green.

CONJURING AT THE PRINCE'S.

We have always paid a willing tribute of admiration to the energetic management of this place of amusement and instruction. It has at length surpassed itself. It will be seen from an announcement in our advertizing columns that certain ticket-holders can be admitted to the upper circle a quarter of an hour before the doors are open! Is this an extra trick of the Leclercqs, which wasn't required for the harlequinade?

[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

7.—MR. GEORGE GROTE.

IT speaks well for the Republic of Letters that, when Mr. Grote was leading the *Oi polloi* of Reform and Democracy, and writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, the Tory *Quarterly* hailed the writer of the "stirring and stately narrative" as "not merely *a* historian, but *the* historian of Greece." And this title, it must be remembered, was given while Mitford and Dr. Thirlwall headed the Greek historians, while Müller and Ranke investigated, while Niebuhr took up ancient stories, and tried to reduce, or did reduce them to mere legends. "The works of these men," says the generous *Quarterly* "look thin and blasted beside the full proportions of the long research which unfolds the rise and progress of the Athenian democracy."

In writing of George Grote, then, we shall have to write of a truly noble man of letters, and it says very little for Toryism, or Conservatism, or whatever a great party may now be termed, that it has never honoured Literature as it should be honoured. Of course, in these degenerate days, and in the reigns of the Brunswick, the patronage of the Court is a mere farce. No men have been more wisely loyal than men of letters; no men have been more scantily recognized. A fourth-rate Academician

—by which we mean a painter—showed us, the other day, a picture, four of such as he could well paint in a year, and for which he asked and got a price larger than most first-rate authors get for the work of their life-time. But then a painter furnishes your house, and makes your walls look grand; an author only furnishes your brains—if you have any. We do not complain; we only urge that the scantiness of pay should, from the Court, be a reason of more honour. It would be ridiculous to institute a comparison of the value of an author in comparison with a painter, towards the state. In educating, in leavening, and ennobling, or in degrading a people, the author has almost infinite power. Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, with his *Mysteries of the Court* and his mischievous novels, which sell so largely in America, was of more consequence than twenty Landseers and forty Ettys, and did more harm than two hundred such Academicians could do good. Once upon a time, when John Leland wrote a certain novel which we shall not name, and painted in glowing colours, as he terms them, a career of vice, the government paid the too clever rogue a pension *not* to write again. Wise persons those. Our Court has let the people tumble and trudge on through mud and mire, and infinite chaotic folly and filth, and has neither punished nor rewarded. The consequence is——well, *Formosa;* the likenesses of courtezans in our most chaste shops, a general corruption, and—girls of the period.

As for any rewarding of intellect, that has chiefly been done by the Whigs or Liberals. Lord Houghton, or, as they call him *Haut-ton*, a good plain poet; Macaulay, with his cock-sure and subjective style, which will, as soon as we get to be scholars, stink in our nostrils; even Bulwer helped to his Baronetcy, attest the fact that the Whigs do try to ennoble genius or talent. Here, again, is a rumour, and we believe a perfectly true one, that Mr. Gladstone did offer to make Mr. Grote, once the leader of the "Rads," and the one to whom was entrusted an annual motion on the ballot, a baron! Would he have been Baron Badgmoor; or would he, having overthrown Mitford and Thirlwall, boldly hail from Greece, as does Lesseps from Suez?

Here, indeed, is an admirable man of letters; a true scholar; a learned, patient, excellent writer of the good old fashion; a man celebrated, not notorious; too wise to be subjective, like Macaulay and his diminutive imitator Hepworth Dixon; too truthful to describe scenes of which he only found a hint, with the vivid falsehood of the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, who described the resplendent effulgence of a full moon "*when she was perfectly hidden in her first quarter.*" Of such writers we shall shortly have to speak enough. Here we have one who is indeed good; whom to admire is to prove your taste, and this is the banker-scholar—as Rogers was the banker-poet—George Grote, D.C.L., F.R.S., who was born at Clay Hill, near Beckenham, Kent, in 1794. Nearly seventy-six years old; the white hair very thin and scant, the eyes dimmed with poring over many books, the head bent with study more than by age. Seventy-six years old, say near eighty! a long time to wait for honour, and it is nearly fifteen years since his *Magnum Opus* was written. Some time since the Queen drove up to town to visit Dean Stanley—Arthur Penrhyn Stanley—a dean and a courtier. Her Majesty honoured him with her presence at luncheon, and it was arranged that two illustrious men, both old in years and honours, untitled and unrecognized, however, by any gazette, should be found chatting with Stanley when the illustrious and widowed dame dropped in. One of these men, found in learned ease in this truly regal visit—for Windsor Castle is not so large, of course, as Dean's Yard, Westminster—one of these men was Thomas Carlyle, philosopher of Chelsea; the other George Grote, historian of Greece. Her Majesty no doubt enjoyed the luncheon!

When History is written philosophically, as by Mr. Grote, it becomes much less interesting, but it is eminently more true. After a long study of all the best writers of that little peninsula, which at one time contained an army of great men and philosophers, and now seems but to hold a segregation of the acutest sharpers of all Europe, Grote set himself to study the meaning of words. "The modern historian," he says, "strives in vain to convey the impression which appears in the condensed and burning phrases of Thucydides," and, of course, all that is left him is to expand, to amplify, or to condense. We all know how Lord Macaulay and his school used history. They made it a picture book after the manner of Walter Scott, with or without leave or license, with or without a hint in the bare chronicle which they expanded. We heard how the sea roared (when it was a calm); how some hero shouted (when he never said a word); how the heroine lifted up her voice and wept (when she was silent in terror or dumb from contempt). This is history with a vengeance; nor was the historian content with this untruthful and shameful perversion. What is legitimate with the novelist is contemptible and detestable cheating with the historian. "Why, dear Sir Walter," said an old lady to Scott, "you seem as if you had lived in these times and saw all you describe. Where do you get it all from?" "I read a great deal," replied the novelist, "and I imagine the rest. I am like the theatrical manager, when I can't snow white I snow brown." Perhaps there never was a more ridiculously untrue and inartistic book than Dixon's *Life of Lord Bacon*. He introduces people as present who were absent; he lets us hear them talk when they said nothing; he attributes motives, sets up and pulls down characters, and moves his puppets about in a most theatrical manner. People who reflect and who know are disgusted, and truly one gentleman has taken the trouble to write a volume to expose the so-called historian's follies and misrepresentations, but the public are gulled. In the meantime the real actors in history denounce it and laugh at it. "Don't read me history," said the sick Sir Robert Walpole to his son, "for that I know must be false."

It is the greatest praise of Mr. Grote, that he has kept strictly to the letter of his brief. If he "expands" it is learnedly, and with reason. When Thucydides or a chronicler uses a peculiar phrase, Grote, finding out the meaning, will properly turn his narrative. We do not have the "lurid smiles," "the slow and cautious step" of accord or approach which we have in inferior novelists, but we do have a solid structure, and not a barley-sugar sham.

If it were worth while to dwell on trifles in this short sketch, one might applaud or object to Mr. Grote's method of nomenclature. Personally, we think that he is right, but nationally we are bound to think him wrong. He will write Alkibiadês, Sôcratês, Peisistratus, Hêraklês, Skiônê, and the like. The Greeks wrote them so. So the Latins talk of Pompeius Magnus, while we talk of Pompey. But the whole "kit" of classic names will one day have to be rewritten. Nikias does *not* look so well as Nicias, but it is more like the original, and let us be as near truth as we can. Some day we shall say Kikero and Kaisar, instead of Sisero and Seizer. At present we are bad enough, but the French are worse. Aristidês is pronounced *Airêsteêd*, and Tullius Cicero is reduced to *Toole!* (Tulle). Why Grote should talk of the people always as a *demus*, a soldier as a *hoplite*, and a founder as an *œkist* is not so clear. We want the history of Greece written in English, not in Greek.

After all, the very best painting—because the truest, is portrait painting, and the very best history is biography. This is especially true in Grote's case. His later work on *Plato and the other Companions of Socrates*, is the most entertaining of all that he has written. And the subject is worthy of him. The history of no mere man that the world has seen is equal to that of the little stone-mason figure-cutter of Athens who used to ask questions. The noble galaxy of great spirits who surrounded him, Plato, Xenophon, Critias, Crito, each a king of men, was only fitted to be crowned by the philosophical monarch, who died as he would have slept, the chief actor in a tragedy without the strut of the tragedian, the victim in a martyrdom without the song and crown of the martyr. We need not recommend Mr. Grote's work, but we will urge on readers to get it. If they want to get rid of a precious lot of nonsense, and to clear their minds of cant, while they fill them with great and sublime images, they should read of Plato and Socrates in the pages of Grote.

Mr. Grote has written on the ballot, has contributed to the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster;* has issued a pamphlet on Plato's theory of the Earth, and another on the Republic of Switzerland. A philosophical republican and yet a despiser of *demus*, an ardent supporter of the ballot because we fancy he fears the corruption of the people, a man of learned ease and yet a most laborious scholar, this great historian seems to be a contradiction, and yet is a whole-hearted, honest, wise man. To give a specimen of his great history—a large work, in twelve volumes—would be to bring a brick from Babylon under the notion of picturing the elevation of the houses and plan of the streets. Let the reader dip into it wherever he may, he cannot go wrong, and will be abundantly rewarded. For the scholar there is an interesting and masterly dis-

cussion on the myths and legends of early Greece; for the student of literature the disquisitions upon Homer, and all the poets, historians, and philosophers, from Æschylus and Herodotus down to Plato and Plutarch; for the statesman, the remarkable descriptions of the legislation of Lycurgus, the object of ostracism, the working of the Athenian constitution, the influence of the democratic form of government, and the causes of the decline of the once invincible republics of Greece; and for the "general reader," the narrative of the war against Xerxes, the battles of Marathon and Thermopylæ, the retreat of the Ten Thousand, the expedition to Syracuse, and a hundred other episodes, any or all of which he will follow with breathless and sustained interest. Mr. Grote's work has revolutionized our notions of ancient Greece. It is a wonderful story, and is wonderfully told.

VOICES IN THE STREET.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

THE UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

An' how came this man here,
Without the leave o' me?
SCOTCH SONG.

AS I sauntered along the street the other day, I met with an old acquaintance—a humourous fellow, who is, also, a kind of vocal artiste in a small way—and, after the usual friendly salutations, he told me the following story:—

"By the bye," said he, "a rather curious thing has happened to me since the last time we forgathered. I had been engaged to take part in a public entertainment, in a manufacturing town about twelve miles from Manchester, and, on the morning of the appointed day, I received a note from the secretary of the institution on behalf of which the entertainment had been got up, simply saying that 'Mr. B—— would be glad of my company at tea,' and, if I would leave Manchester by a certain train, he would meet me on the platform at the end of the journey. This note was accompanied by a programme of the proceedings, announcing that 'N. B——, Esq., of Carr Hill,' would take the chair. This gentleman I had no personal knowledge of; and, indeed, I had no intimate acquaintance with a single soul in the place I was going to. However, I left Manchester by the train mentioned in the secretary's note, and on my arrival at the journey's end I sauntered about the platform, expecting every minute to be accosted by Mr. B——, whose person was unknown to me. But, one after another, the passengers trickled away from the scene, and nobody seemed to notice me. The train went on its way; and, at last, I was left alone, pacing the silent platform with resounding footstep. It seemed strange; and, as I knew nobody in the town, I began to cast about in my mind what was to be done. I looked at the programme again. 'N. B——, Esq., of Carr Hill, in the chair.' It was all right. Enquiring of the porter, I found that Carr Hill was about a mile and a half from the station; and, seeing nothing better for it, I took my way thitherward at once.

"It was a fine day; and as my walk brought me into the outskirts of the town, the scenery became more and more striking. I found the house, a quaint mansion, pleasantly seated in its own grounds, high upon the hill-side, and commanding a fine view of the bold mountain range on the opposite side of the picturesque valley. Entering by the front gate, I walked through the garden up to the door, and rang the bell. When the servant came, I inquired if Mr. B—— was at home. She replied that he was not, but that he was expected in three-quarters of an hour; and then she held the door, and gazed, as if waiting to see whether I had anything more to say. I thought it strange; and, after a minute's pause, I said that I was expected to tea there that evening. 'Oh, indeed!' replied she, with an air of surprise, letting go the door. 'Step in, sir!' said she. Whereupon I walked in; and when I had hung up my hat and deposited my stick in the stand, she opened a side door in the lobby, and pointing into the room, she said 'Take a seat, sir, please.' I entered; she closed the door behind me, and I was alone.

"It was a quaint apartment, richly and tastefully furnished. The walls were hung with pictures by famous artists, and costly books lay strewn upon the tables. I took up one of these. It was an illustrated copy of Froissart's Chronicles; and, seating myself upon a sofa, I was beginning to lose myself in the middle ages, when—'Tap, tap, tap!' The door opened, and the servant looked in. 'Would you be kind enough to send your name, sir, please?' I gave her my name, and once more she disappeared. It seemed queer that they didn't know about it. Perhaps he has forgotten to tell them, thought I. And then, easy-hearted, I was relapsing into old Froissart again, when another tap came to the door. It was the servant again. 'Will you step this way, sir, please?' I rose, and walked to the door. 'Take a seat in that room, sir, please,' said she, pointing to an open door on the opposite side of the lobby. I went in. It was a room very like the one I had just left. Costly books, and pictures, and furniture, with a cosy charm pervading the whole—a quaint nest of rich and tasteful homeliness. And then, in this case, a cheerful fire tinged the shady light with a genial glow. 'Mrs. B—— will be down in a few minutes,' said the servant, as she closed the door behind her. I was examining a fine oil painting by Sam Bough, when a silken rustle in the lobby announced the approach of the lady of the house. She entered; and, with quiet courtesy bidding me 'Good evening!' she sat down to crochet, saying that she expected her husband every minute. So we chatted quietly about the weather, and about the books which lay upon the table. In a little while the front door of the house was heard opening. 'He's here!' said she; and, rising from her seat, she went out and closed the door after her. There seemed to be a dead silence on all around for the next two or three minutes, and then Mr. B—— himself entered the room, and, with a twinkle of quiet humour in his eye, he shook me by the hand, and bade me welcome. His face was quite new to me; but I liked it. And now, thinks I, 'all's right!' and I began to feel thoroughly at home; and I began to chatter,—as is my wont, now and then, when the fit is on me,—about this and that,—books, politics, pictures, music, antiquities, and the scenery around us; and the genuine, though undemonstrative, geniality of his manner soon made me feel as if we had been 'as thick as inkle-weavers' all our lives. And then he began to bring out rare books,—first one, then another,—some of them the most costly existing illustrated works upon botany,—in which science I thought that he seemed to feel an especial interest. After a pleasant, discursive chat, he offered me a cigar, and proposed a stroll in the grounds belonging to the house, until tea was laid out. And away we went, followed by his little terrier. It was a lovely evening. The bold outlines of the opposite hills stood in grand relief against the sky; and as the dreamy glamour of twilight sank upon the scene the landscape looked finer than before. As we sauntered about, I found that he was well acquainted with the historic associations of the striking scene. After a pleasant stroll, we went to tea, at which we were joined by his lady and his little daughter. Nearly an hour passed away in pleasant talk over the evening meal; and then, after a chirruping cup, we walked to town together,—he to preside over the evening's entertainment, and I to take my share in the performance.

"The affair went off in a very satisfactory way; and, when it was over, he walked with me to the station to meet the returning train. Just before I took my seat in the carriage, he shook hands with me. 'Good bye!' said he,—'*somebody* of my name has invited you to tea this evening, but, mind, *it was not me*!' For a minute or so I was stunned, and then I made all sorts of blundering apologies. 'Oh, don't say a word about it,' replied he; 'I have enjoyed the whole affair, and I hope you will find your way to the same place again as soon as you have opportunity.' And yet I felt a little uneasy about the thing until I received a letter from him, to the same kindly effect."

SPRAYS FROM AN OLD HOLLY BUSH.

RUSTLE THE SECOND.

YOU will have observed, from my former paper, that there was a comparative quietness and mellowness about the Christmas time as celebrated down in the county from which I date. I told you what we usually did after dinner on Christmas Day, but our revels were never prolonged. They could not be, for towards five o'clock the servants had their ordinary avocations, such as milking, grooming and bedding down, to attend to; and at eight p.m. they were taking their supper at a long dresser as docilely as the horses at a longer manger in the stable; and they never turned their heads or spoke a syllable during

feeding time—also like the horses. In the parlour,—drawing-rooms were not then known in farm houses—we played at cards for nuts—a game called "Strip Jack naked" being the gambling medium; but even this pastime was rigorously shut up at eight o'clock or half-past, and the decree went forth that by that hour all young people should be in bed.

Not that I mean that, with these simple varieties, Christmas rejoicing was broken short off and postponed for another year. Far from it. The holidays for us were always more or less enlivened by other pleasurable incidents too numerous to mention here. I only want to show that there was not much rub-a-dub-dubbing just on Christmas Eve or on Christmas Day, but rather a very tranquil and serene observance of that most holy time.

At this season, turkeys, geese, hams and cheeses, had to be despatched as presents to town friends up and down England. There were also boxes of figs and barrels of oysters to be received in return, and I can tell you that a barrel of "natives" in those days was as great a treat as it soon promises to be in these. The receipt of a barrel of oysters was really quite an event in our vicinity, and had the little church possessed a peal of bells, I believe they would have been rung in welcome of the molluscs. The parson would have allowed it, for he honoured an oyster supper, and his skill in opening the oysters gave him what was considered an unfair advantage over his parishioners, some of whom on that account were disposed to avail themselves of the damnatory clauses of the creed of St. Athanasius. After their arrival a party was always summoned to devour the oysters, and oysters meant wnist; we also knew that the liquor proper to the oyster was good home-brewed ale; also that the finish to an oyster supper was "toast and swig," by which is meant toasted cheese and sops of toasted bread steeped in the ale, the ale being drank from a large vessel like a punch-bowl; furthermore, that there was no known remedy for the possible disarrangement of the system caused by the foregoing save and except hot gin-and-water, with as little sugar as might fairly correct the turpentine. It was at a meeting of this character that I took my first oyster, which for the sake of definiteness, and in order to distinguish him from his race generally, I shall take the liberty of calling George. When I say I took my first oyster, I don't mean to intimate that I swallowed him. I encountered my first oyster on that occasion, but the sight was enough. So I slipped George into my pocket handkerchief, in his shell, and he met an early grave under the garden roller the next morning, for I was too proud to own that I had been vanquished.

The neighbours who came to eat the oysters generally made a night of it, but ten o'clock was considered late enough for that operation. They crowded a good deal, though, into the allotted space, not merely as regards eating and drinking, but smoking and singing also. The singing was a little heavy, perhaps, and was reeled off as if the vocalists had something on their minds, but I have observed this also in much more refined circles, and I very much fear that it is an English characteristic, and that a good deal of it is owing to the immortal Dibdin, whom, I am proud to say, that even to this day I never could like. I also took a strong dislike to the late immortal Braham, and chiefly on account of the Bay of Biscay, or, as some render it, the Bay of Biscayo. The jolly farmers always seemed to me to lose their naturalness when they began to sing, if you will have that called singing which was, in most instances, more like neighing, or tenor snoring, than anything else. One or two would get right, but the others—although they had been at it for years—floundered about most lamentably, getting either so high that you expected their eyebrows to come off as they lifted them, or so low that they looked as if they were going to be sick. In the process of singing they were in the habit of fixing their eyes steadily upon the ceiling, and never stirring hand or foot until they had discharged their souls in soothing melody, the burden whereof was usually our beloved country. I never heard them sing a love song—scarcely ever a funny one. It was always England the land of the free, which was variously described as the home of the brave and the ruler of the wave; also that she was an anchor and a shield, and all in the tented field would vanquish every Parleyvous ri-tooral O! They liked this vocal exercise, and looked mildly contented when they had got it over. To me it seemed as if the concerts would have gone better if the executants had not sung so much from the backs of their heads, and if they could have tolerated the glance of a human eye during the singing, but this not one of them was ever known to do. When the singing was over, about ten o'clock, they began to move away, on foot, in saddle, or in gig. How they managed to pilot themselves along those dark, deeply-rutted lanes was always to me a marvel, but there was rarely any accident, for the horses did a good deal of the steerage.

Market morning was my delight in the Christmas holidays, and it always caused quite a stir in the household. The farm produce for the market generally left early, as there were seven miles of very indifferent road to cover before the county town was reached. I have an impression that the wagon started in the middle of the night, for I could see the lantern lights from the straw yard glancing along the ceiling of my room, and hear the gearing of the horses chink, and the voices of the farm servants heavily addressing the animals, and bidding them "gee up." Perhaps what appeared to me the middle of the night was five or six o'clock in the morning. In an hour afterwards I was aroused myself by a hard-handed maid, who groomed me with the coldest water and the most sneezy soap, and then rubbed my youthful features the wrong way about, until my nose felt as if it was being loosely rubbed backwards like a table flap. I occasionally lost my temper, and kicked at her, but I could never reach her shins, though they must have been rattlers, if constructed upon the same lines as her elbows. On market mornings, we always breakfasted in the kitchen-place, as it was called, and the cheerful fire and the fragrance of hot coffee and broiled ham, and the darkness outside, gradually broken by the dim morning light, were very grateful to me after the scrubbing up stairs. My father had breakfasted earlier—as you might say, earlier in the forenoon, though it was then only half-past seven, and not yet daylight. By that time he was engaged in dressing for the market all in his Sunday best—drab shorts, ditto leggings, gaiters, and shoes, a black cut-away coat and waistcoat, no collar, and a white neckerchief. I always was allowed as a treat to go with him to the Christmas market, because in the county town I had uncles and aunts and cousins who desired to see if I were grown. I always thought this was the sole reason of their desire to see me again, though perhaps it was not. At all events, now that I have done growing their interest has subsided. We travelled in the gig, which was filled with all sorts of things stuffed under the seats and all about it. There was no apron to the gig, and I felt very cold about the legs, so that I generally had to be lifted out through numbness at the journey's end. A chestnut mare called "Miss Red," of great age and eccentric disposition, pulled us to Meredon. She had made a point of shying at the same things on the road-side for many years, and therein corresponded with the inhabitants of these parts, who mostly did the same, though the inns and hostelries were not included in the category. But "Miss Red" was as quiet as a lamb unless she got the reins under her tail, when you had, as quickly as possible, to select a conveniently soft place for being pitched into, and when the gig was kicked to pieces for its easier remittance back to the farm in a sack, and the mare galloped off to the blacksmith's to order a new suit of shoes.

We generally arrived at Meredon about nine o'clock, where it was thought by my aunt that exhausted nature required mince pie and ginger wine. Nothing could be more graceful than the way in which I fell in with her views; whilst my father victualled himself with beef and home-brewed, apparently for a voyage to the Canary islands, after which it was his habit to remark that he thought he should do until one o'clock. But he sustained his earthly tabernacle in the interval by eating samples of wheat or oats or beans from a small sample bag carried in his side pocket; and all about the arched doorway of the "Bell and Bear" was strewed with grain samples dropt by the bartering farmers who there held their Exchange. In the market place were congregated the butchers' stalls, the space for the egg and butter women, for travelling chapmen, crockery dealers, sweetmeat sellers, and the like; whilst up and down the street the busy farmers and their wives were running in and out of the grocers' and drapers' shops making their purchases for the week. The drapers at that time of day sold everything that man or woman could reasonably want to wear; and if you required a new suit of clothes, you bought all the materials there, including the buttons, as well as the thread to sew and the braid to bind. If you bought such a suit you were, by the custom of the trade, entitled to a glass of the best ale from the drapers, and any tradesman neglecting that formality would have been looked upon as a mean impostor. The materials were then sent to the tailor, who was supposed to have already taken your measure; though at our house the tailor used to come to the house itself, and sit cross-legged on a table in an out-building until he had rigged out the whole family.

The tailor who came to us was also a preacher, Cooper by name—Ephraim Cooper—a hard working, sober, though meagre visaged and somewhat ascetic man. Even at that time I never could make out why they did not like him at our house, bnt they did not. The poor man got his due as a craftsman, but no more; the rest was all cold shoulder. He was supposed to be against the Church and King, and to be suspected accordingly. He had the audacity to hold little Sunday night meetings at Gayreton, where a few villagers quavered out a hymn or two, and Ephraim read and expounded Scripture. The great hulking farmers' lads used to play tricks upon the humble congregation, and toss pebbles into the chimney of the cottage, and there was no one to stop them. An imbecile magistrate was appealed to, but he would not interfere, remarking that "if they wanted to go to church, why did'nt they go, and not rant in a kitchen. This was a Christian country, and not Wales, and he was determined to uphold the constitution," and so on. He regarded Ephraim as a poacher, and as guilty of unlawfully snaring human hares, and if, in the heat of controversy, the farmers' lads should duck him in a pond, why it was his own fault. If you wanted sharpening in grace, Parson Cell was the proper place to resort to, but for his (the worthy magistrate's) part, he considered grace as canting hypocrisy, and, therefore, the less said about it the better.

STEP TO BE TAKEN TO YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER.—The Goose Step.

G. TWIGG'S Patent Corkscrews. The most powerful ever invented, and being provided with a patent India-rubber pad, which for an elastic cushion for the neck, they are warranted not to break the bottle.
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Or, the Pet of the Peris, the Old Man of the Sea, and the Dwarfs of the Diamond Valley.

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(the *head* conundrumist of the very ancient Egyptians)
The Spirit of the Desert .. .. Miss HUNTER.
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Monday .. .. January 3, 1870.
Tuesday .. .. January 4, 1870.
Thursday .. .. January 6, 1870.
Saturday .. .. January 8, 1870.
Commencing at Two o'clock.
No advance in prices of admission. Children to the stalls, 2s.; Upper Circles, 1s.

Box-office now open, where seats and private boxes may be secured for the day and evening performances to the 8th January, 1870.

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THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE SPHINX.

A WORD or two of explanation in reference to the *Sphinx* illustrations. They have not been heralded by any pompous announcements, nor will they be accompanied by boastful falsehoods or the usual paraphernalia of dishonest puffery. When the *Sphinx* writers and editor issued their first publication, now three years ago, it had to win its way by the sheer force of its own inherent worthiness. It succeeded on its merits. The illustrations will have to do the same. Still, as it is generally mere affectation to hide one's light under a bushel, it is right to state that the engravings are produced at a considerable expense, and that the novel experiment—for such it is—of giving good drawings with a journal published at one penny, deserves at least an indulgent if not a generous appreciation. To the few cynics who don't care for pictures, we say that, as ours are given separately and not paged, they cannot detract from the literary merits of the paper, which will be maintained and, if possible, increased. As a rule, each drawing—unlike those in the illustrated newspapers—will tell its own story, or, as the saying is, stand upon its own bottom; and although appropriate articles, bearing upon the drawings, will frequently appear in the same number, those articles will also be complete in themselves. The illustrations will, to many, add interest to the literature, but the literature will always have an independent life of its own. These are the principles upon which we have decided to base our illustration scheme. We are sanguine in the anticipation that the illustrations will very largely increase the circulation of the *Sphinx*; that it will carry the journal into many homes where it is as yet a rare or entirely unknown visitor; and the great success of our first venture last week is a sufficient warrant to us that our confidence is not overweening or mistaken.

A number of very interesting and attractive drawings are already in the hands of the artists. Humorous and social pictures will be given occasionally, and an effort will be made to give them a local colouring and application.

Next week we shall give a portrait of the late BISHOP of MANCHESTER, from a photograph by Mr. John Eastham, and a title page for the second volume. The table of contents will accompany another illustration the following week.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
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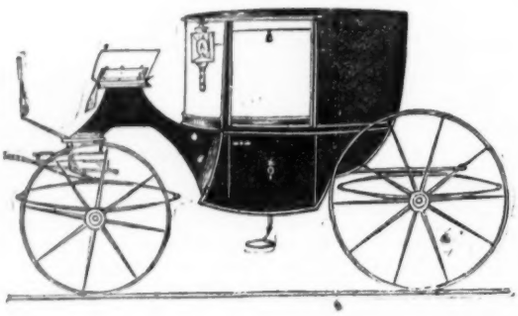

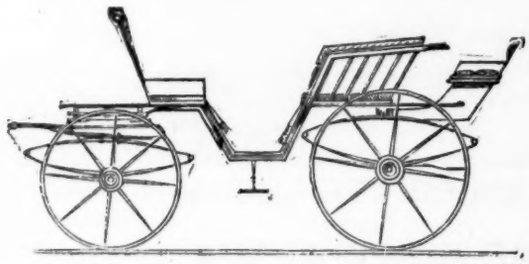

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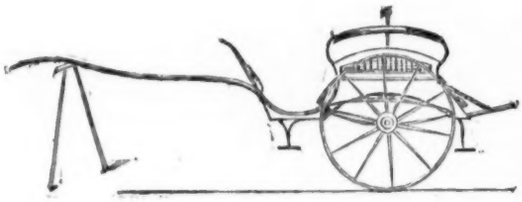

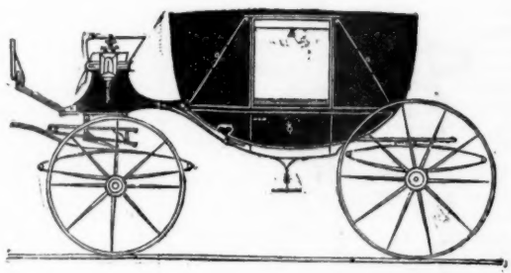

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In addition to the already Specially Selected and Powerful Company, the following extra Attractions have been secured:

SENORINA A. TARELLI,
Soprano, from Milan;

Mesdames VERNET and MAGNY,
the eminent Premier Danseuses, from the Gaiete Theatre, Paris; and

Miss LILLY HARRIS,
of the Haymarket Theatre, London.

A DOUBLE CORPS DE BALLET!

And a larger number of Auxiliaries than have ever before appeared in any Pantomime at this Theatre.

The Whole produced under the direction of Mr. CHAS. CALVERT.

THE ARGUMENT.

ONCE upponne a tyme, a certayne Kynge—Djol-I-Sopht by name—governeyed oveyre a kyngdome, ye wyche was playced farre dystante inne ye Easteyrn Hemysferre—soe farre Easte inne trothe, yt ye Sunne hadde hardlye roome to ryse betwixte itte & ye skye (hence we gette ye merrye conceyte of "Skye Hyghe'). Ye sayde Kynge, Djol-I-Sopht, was blessed wyth a ryghte fayre daughterre, ye whome hee soughte to gyve in mayridge, butte ye sayde Kynge was lykewyse blessed (though somme saye notte) wythe a Quyne, whoe neveyre sade hym fayre, butte crossed hym in alle thinges & woulde hayve noe swayne of hys choosinge, norre for ye mattayre of yt of herre daughterre's. Now theyre was a certayne Froggee, whoe woulde a wooinge goe, whoe inne conceyrte wythe a certayne wyckede Djinn or Geni—Al Kohol bye nayme—determyned to becomme a Toadyee & soe flattayre ye vayne olde spouse of Kynge Djol-I-Sopht; wyche eke hee dydde bye mystaykinge herre fore ye mayden Pryncesse. Ye cunnynge plotte was to gette ye mayden for ye Froggee, to ye dispayragemente of all ye otheyres. Ye cleveyre hystorian who gyves ye legende sayes: Yt inne those dayes theyre was a faymouse fountayne ye wyche maydc ye olde & rynkelled to becomme smoothen of fayce & ryghte wynsomme agayne. Now ye vayne olde Quyne havynge alle thys tolden untoe herre—mayde it to bee knowne, yt whosoeveyre shoulde brynge a flaske of thys cunnynge waterrie, shoulde hayve herre daughterre for wyffe. Froggee havyng gotten ye strayghte typpe fromme Al Kohol, offeyres to lede ye courte to ye fountayne—ye wych ys farre dystante beyonde ye lande of Sweets and Comfyts & ye lande of Djind and Bitters. Now ye Pryncesse—Zu-zu, by nayme—has plyghted herre trothe to a certayne Prynce Agib, whoe loveth herre deerely inne returne. A goode Peri, Namoune bye name, whoe has greate contente inne thys lore, gyves a strayghter typpe to Agib, ye whych enables hym to passe quyckly on hys waye to ye fountayne. All thys tyme Djol-I-Sopht, hys Quyne and Courte are trayvellinge inne searchye of ye waterre; butte fyrst theye lyngerre with Kynge Lollipop in ye lande of Sweets and Comfyts. Eke theye fynde theyreselleves inne ye wrongge boxe ye wyche may bee seene inne ye mysterye as enacted. Zu-zu, onelye of all ye partye, obtaynes escaype fromme enchauntement, at ye handys of Al Kohol whoe strayghteway doth brynge herre to ye lande of ye Frogges, yt shee maye bee wyffed to hys frynde, Kynge Froggee. Butte bothe Al Kohol & Kynge Froggee doe reckonne theyre chickene beforre itte bee hatcheyed—for Agib havynge founden ye magyck waterre, passeth bye waye of ye lande of ye froggees, and fyndes hys fayre mystresse learning fromme ye Froggees ye game of Croakee, ye wyche notte be lykinge her mache at yt time, has never ye lesse gotten to bee a ryghte merrye pass-tyme inne these dayes. Ye hystorian doth yere garnish hys legende wyth a ryghte merrye passage of armes after ye style of ye "Boye his Owne Booke," & inne ye sayde passage Froggee goeth strayghtway to ye Badde at ye hands of Agib, & as ye chronycle telleth—"A Lille Whyte Ducke comes and gobbles hym uppe." Agib has straightwaye power gyven untoe hym to dysenchaunte the remaynder of Kynge Djol-I-Sopht's Courte. Alle now endys happylye & ye vayne olde Quyne doth gyve herre wyllinge consentye to ye marrydge of Agib wythe Zu-zu.

CHARACTERS.

Djol-I-Sopht....*(A King of the Period)*.....Mr. EDMONDS
Prince Agib, Prince Selim, Prince Hassam } *Suitors for the hand of the Princess Zu-zu* { Miss LILLY HARRIS, Miss FANNY BROUGH, Miss NEILSON
Roley the First .....*(King of Froyland)*....Mr. WAINWRIGHT
Loll-i-Pop *(King of the Land of Sweets and Comfits)*.....Mr. FORSYTH
Lord Al Ber Troc, Lord Schoo Gar Kaudi } *his Courtiers* { Mr. SMITH, Mr. STEPHENSON

Djello...*(in attendance on King Loll-i-Pop)*.....Mr. PEDLEY
Al Kohol.....*(a very bad spirit, called in the Eastern language Djinn)*.....Mr. BRACEWELL
The Queen Schezatarta..*(the considerably better half of King Djol-I-Sopht)*.....Mr. GEORGE LEITCH
Zu-zu...*("her one fair daughter," with a weakness for Agib)*.....Miss ANGELINA CLAUDE
Namoune...*(a Peri, watching over Zu-zu)*.....Miss A. BALDWIN
Zelma..*(another Peri, doing very much the same)*.SENORINA A. TARELLI

Clown - - Mr. CHARLES LECLERCQ.
Columbine - - - - - Miss McGINTY.

Harlequin - - Mr. ARTHUR LECLERCQ
Pantaloon - - - - - Mr. E. EDMONDS.

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For full description of each see Book of Prices

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Castle UP	Gin . . 33 *under proof* . .	2/0	20
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Castle Proof	Gin . . *proof*	2/10	20

The above can be had either Sweetened or Unsweetened

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Castle F	Cognac . *proof*	4/0	22
Castle FO 33	Cognac . *Old* 33 *under proof* .	3/2	22
Castle FO pf.	Cognac . *Old. proof* . .	4/8	22
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The above can be had either Pale or Brown

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Castle Proof	Whiskey *proof*	2/11	24
Castle SO 33	Whiskey *Old* 33 *under proof*	2/3	24
Castle SO pf.	Whiskey *Old. proof* . . .	3/1	24

IRISH WHISKIES			
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Castle UV	Whiskey 17 *under proof* . .	2/6	25
Castle Proof	Whiskey *proof*	2/11	25
Castle DO 33	Whiskey *Old* 33 *under proof*	2/3	25
Castle DO pf.	Whiskey *Old. proof* . . .	3/1	25

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Castle Proof	Rum . . *proof*	2/11	20
Castle JO 33	Rum . . *Old* 33 *under proof*	2/3	20
Castle JO pf.	Rum . . *Old. proof* . . .	3/1	20
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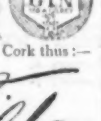

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